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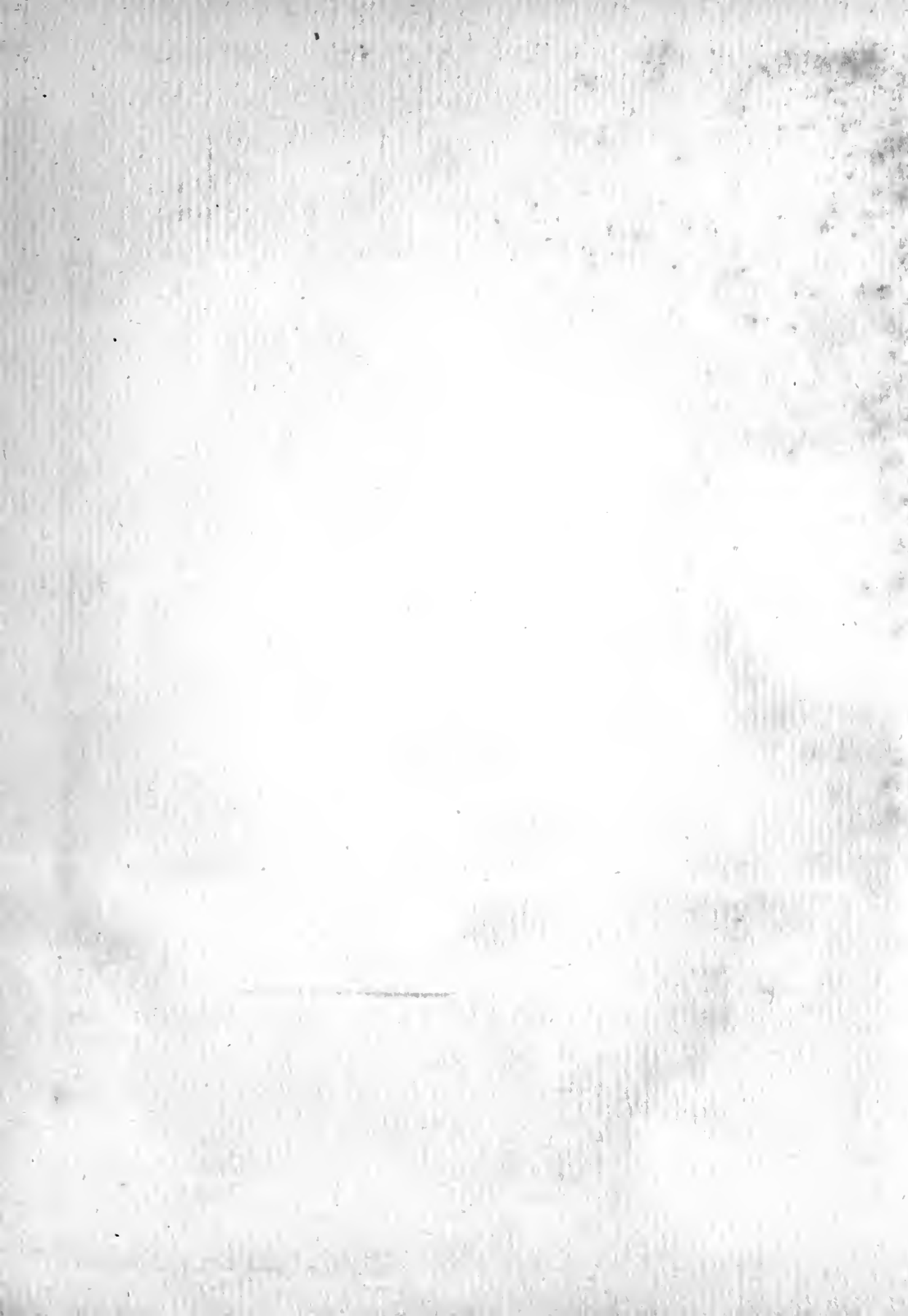
POEMS

BY

E. M. RUDLAND



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POEMS

P O E M S

BY

E. M. RUDLAND



LONDON

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO.

1903

Entered at Stationer's Hall

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To
WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI

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SONGS

I CHANCED TO SEE YOUNG CUPID PLAY

I CHANCED to see young Cupid play
Who asked if I were fain to wed,
I chased him o'er the flowerlands gay
Always he laughed at me and fled.

I chased him all the golden morn,
The woods rang to his merry trill.
I grasped him, lo ! with laughing scorn
He turned and fled and beckoned still.

I chased him through the heat and glow
Of afternoon. All merrily
He laughed and leapt and shook his bow
And turned again and mocked at me.

I sat me down upon a stile
And laughed and bade him to his play,
And oh ! 'tis with a winsome smile
He turns and follows me alway !

MY LADY

HE who hath seen my Lady hath seen love,
Such perfect love as reigns in the High Heaven
Nighest to the Eternal Father's throne.
My Lady is beloved of all the saints,
Mary the holy, Beatrice the blessed,
Elizabeth the stainless, pray for her.

My Lady hath all sweetness in her eyes
And chasteness such as holier mortals see
Reflected in the radiance of God's love;
She hath such peerless graciousness that all
Stand awed and silent as she passeth by,
And gaze long after she hath vanished.

She is preserved by all the hosts of heaven,
And wheresoe'er she goeth, seven stars
Shine close to the gold radiance of her hair,
And lilies, such as grow in Paradise,

Are seen amid the halo. There the hand
Of God hath rested as He blessed her.

A flaming mantle wraps her, and her hands
Are filled with flowers of healing ; wheresoe'er
Her feet have kissed the earth grow fragrant flowers ;
And on her lips, I who am made most blessed,
Have sipped of that sweet fragrance, that yet lies
Where holy Mary kissed her out of heaven.

Her voice is of old memories that were
Ere earth yet was. The nightingales are stilled,
And the birds hush to hear her sweeter song :
But when she speaks of love, then verily
I am accounted blest among all men
And envied for her sake and lowered upon.

My Lady hath all perfectness. Her place
Is nighest the Almighty's sovran seat,
And I have found all favour in her sight.
Surely I am beloved of all the saints,
Mary the holy, Beatrice the blessed,
Elizabeth, and the Eternal God.

MY LADY'S MEMORY

ALL memories of my Lady are to me
 As rose leaves treasured with a jealous care
 And sweet with the first fragrance of their bloom ;
 Nor hope I any comfort upon earth
 Who find these earthly memories—to her,
 Dead leaves to heaven's sempiternal rose.

My love hath gone to heaven with my love,
 Attending her with reverence in her flight
 And supplicating Him, that is Love's lord,
 To lead my eager footsteps straight to her,
 Who, perfected, doth so adorn the heavens
 That all the angels are become more glad.

My Lady hath her high abode in heaven.
 The angels have cried out to her, and God
 Hath kissed her on the forehead, and Himself
 Set her before His throne with those blessed choirs

Who most reflect His glory, and who move
Transplendent over the seraphic hosts.

I have wept in my sorrow. I have mourned.
O ye that have loved fondly, ye do know
How ye have wept when the invisible shape
Hath smitten your love with its cold icy breath,
And the dear voice and smile were dumb and still,
Have you not wept? Need I ask have ye wept?

The memories of my Lady are sure hopes
Nay, promises of heaven's exalted bliss
For which my soul sighs daily, and each night
Enthralled sees in vision. Lo! mine eyes
Behold her 'midst the flight of angel ranks
Standing by Mary and the blessed saints.

Straightway is love transfigured in heaven.
My Lady moves in the resplendent light
Circled with angel ranks, and her sweet face
Radiant with the reflection of God's look,
Shines out upon the earth, that seeing her,
All memories are sure promises of heaven.

SPEED, SPEED, O WIND, UNTO MY
LADY'S BOWER

SPEED, speed, O wind, unto my Lady's bower,
O lay my tender kisses on her lips,
And tell her how I sigh away the hour
That lags until the rosy morning sips
The sweetness of her presence. Laggard wind,
My love hath left thee far, oh far behind.

Speed, speed, O song, unto my dearest love,
Be to her sweetest music in her dreams.
O tune thy subtlest harmonies to prove
Worthy my love. Worthless is all, meseems,
To come into her presence. Laggard song,
My love hath overta'en thee, oh so long.

Speed, speed, O morn, unto my Lady's bower,
O tell her all my heart doth long to say,

And thou, my heart, be girt with love's own power,
O sing to her so exquisite a lay
She shall be wakened sweetly. Laggard morn,
Know'st thou that I await thee here forlorn.

THE CURSE OF KHARTOUM

THE Blue Nile speaks to the White Nile there
Of the years ago, of the days that were.

Wraiths of Pharaohs and ancient kings
Brood o'er the place on unholy wings.

Shades of demons and gods forgot
Hover around the cursed spot.

Great is the curse that they wildly fling ;
Demons are they that utter the thing.

"The curse will hold," the Blue Nile saith,
"Who destroyeth it, dieth the death."

Hark ! a myriad voices call—
"Woe" and "Misery," cry they all.

Whispers the Nile as it shudders by—

“Thus it hath been since my waves were high.

“Shall it be thus till the eve of gloom?—

Who destroyeth it, maketh his doom!”

Murmurs the Nile as it shudders by—

“Shall it be thus till my banks are dry?

“Who destroyeth it, maketh his doom!”—

One hath come forth with the fateful loom.

And the Blue Nile speaks to the White Nile there,

“The days are not as the days that were.”

“The curse is breaking!” the White doth cry,

“But the man must die! But the man must die!”

Never till now, on this ancient dust,

Have the slaves been free, have the laws been just.

Wraiths of Pharaohs and ancient kings

Brood not now on unholy wings.

Shades of demons and gods forgot
 Hover no more o'er a cursed spot.

Only one man looks over the Nile
 To the sands that reach to mile on mile.

"The curse is broken!" the Nile doth cry,
 "But the man must die! But the man must die!"

Below the town is a frantic host;
 Help, O Christ! or the town is lost.

He hath held the town for a weary year,
 The man among men, whom men hold dear.

No little soul is his soul, I wot,
 The man among men, who feareth not.

Looks he now with a straining eye,
 The help is late, that is nigh, is nigh.

~~And~~ ^{But} the Blue Nile speaks to the White Nile clear,
 "He must die the death that awaits him here."

Traitors open the city gate,
The curse is broken, and fate is fate.

He falls! He falls! But his work is done—
The great land mourns for her noblest son.

But the Blue Nile speaks to the White Nile there
“The days are not as the days that were.”

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

THE priests have prayed a solemn prayer
For the weal of the Holy Sepulchre,
"Veni, Creator Spiritus."

The Cross is raised, the incense swung,
The Mass is said, and the anthem sung,
"Veni, Creator Spiritus."

The knights who went on the blessed quest,
Are dead ; and now, to the holiest,
"Veni, Creator Spiritus."

The priests have solemnly blessed a child,
To such, they pray, to the undefiled,
"Veni, Creator Spiritus."

The children, even the holiest,
Shall go in search of the blessed quest,
 “Veni, Creator Spiritus.”

The children have donned the blood-red cross,
For the gain they have gained of the Saviour's loss.
 “Veni, Creator Spiritus.”

Blue-eyed boys and maidens fair,
Wend to the place of the Sepulchre,
 “Veni, Creator Spiritus.”

They faint, and they fall. The way is long,
But the bravest singeth the holy song,
 “Veni, Creator Spiritus.”

Over mountain height, over vale and lea,
They sing as they wend to the Southern Sea,
 “Veni, Creator Spiritus.”

Pinioned now in the Moorish mart,
The cry doth rise from each breaking heart,
“Veni, Creator Spiritus.”

Surely where each one lies is there
The place of the Holy Sepulchre,
“Veni, Creator Spiritus.”

WILLIAM DE BIRMINGHAM

“ ROGER de Someri, lord of thine,
Baron of Dudley, master mine,

“ From whom thou holdest lands in fee
Suit and service claims of thee.”

William, knight of Birmingham town,
Strode his ramparts up and down.

“ Now by St Martin’s self,” he said,
“ Were he Fitz-Ansculph stern and dread,

“ And not but Paganall’s daughter’s mate
I give him challenge and scorn and hate.

“Nor greet I him for a lord of mine,
So speed and tell him, this lord of thine.

“And since thy speech is so hotly said,
And thy master’s word is so swiftly sped,

“Thou hast need of water to cool thy throat,
There is water enow in my castle moat.”

A struggle, a fall, a splash ; I reck,
That herald had need of a stouter neck.

William, knight of Birmingham town,
Hath quaffed red wine, and hath lain him down,

And “By Saint Martin’s self” hath sworn
Penance meet for the morrow morn.

Saint Martin hath leaped from his holy shrine
And come in the night for a secret sign.

The flaming sword in his outstretched hand,
Hath touched the knight as a burning brand.

"Since penance thou hast sworn to do,
I will spare thee yet, for a year or two.

"Yet when thou art come to thy greatest pride
Bethink thee, then, how the herald died."

William, knight of Birmingham town,
Hath armed against King Henry's crown ;

Hath clasped Earl Leicester's hand, and worn
The people's cross for the battle morn.

And Roger de Someri, Dudley's lord,
Yields him captive and yields his sword.

What voice was that in the night that cried,
"Bethink thee, now, how the herald died?"

Saint Martin's self, with his sword in hand
Hath touched the knight as a burning brand.

And every breeze of the night hath cried,
"Bethink thee, now, how the herald died."

“At Evesham fight”—so runs the writ,
Never a word of truth hath it.

They found his body by Severn’s strand
Burnt, as it were, by a flaming brand.

IF CHRIST STOOD HERE

If Christ stood now as that beggar here
 ("If Christ stood here!" let the mocker scoff),
Would you, my brothers, who serve and fear
 Your Christ on the Sabbath at all go near,
Or would you behold your Lord?
 If on your ears His words should fall,
"The earth is the Lord's and its fulness all,
 Shall one have nought? Shall he vainly call?"
Now would ye give Him accord?
 If Christ stay not, shall ye see the sun
Of the morrow morn? Ah! however you scoff,
 Be sure that the judgments of God will run,
Ah! there be things that ye dream not of.

MY BROTHER OF SORROWS

My brother of sorrows is dead,
 Laid out on a pallet of straw.
 Stay, stay, come not near with that creaking tread,
 Best withdraw while you may withdraw.
 For he shall have quiet at last,
 Death hath smoothed the cares from his brow;
 Ye let him be till his life was past,
 God only shall waken him now.

"Ye were brothers." Well, what of that?
 Man hath killed his brother before.
 "He was starved." 'Tis little to marvel at,
 To be starved as ten thousand more.
 But if God hath made food for all,
 And if one hath any to spare,
 And one hath not—by this corpse by the wall,
 I hold you not guiltless there.

This garret doth make you creep,
 The chamber is worse behind,
 And there's five poor girls that each night must
 sleep
 Where the rain comes in and the wind.
 And one hath a lung that is gone,
 And her face is haggard and thin.
 If there should be a heaven when life is done,
 My God, shall the rich go in?

My brother of sorrows is dead.
 His sons, you say, have grown wild,
 They have broken the law, have stolen their bread.
 Was this court a place for a child?
 They have broken their father's heart.
 Go chasten them now with your rods,
 They have broken man's law. They shall truly
 smart.
 By this corpse, you have broken God's.

If one daughter hath not been pure,
 Have you cared that his hair turned grey?
 If the five had not, had you then been sure
 That the curse had fall'n where it lay?

My brother of sorrows is slain,
His blood lieth red on your hand.
How long shall ye bear it, the crimson stain
So red on the Christian land?

He hath suffered in silence long,
And now he is dead you will pray.
By my God I think he hath had great wrong—
As ten thousand are wronged to-day,
And are wronged in silence. Alas!
Ye may open your church-doors wide,
If it be that the spirit of God should pass,
God dare not venture inside.

THE WAY OF THE POOR

God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

THERE'S no fault with the world indeed,
And ye may have pleasure unmarred ;
But God of pity, oh hearken and heed,
The way of the poor is hard.

SONNETS

“These were honoured in their generation, and were the glory of their times.”

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

LADY with the great pity in thine eyes
So deep with serene vision and the seal
Of wonder that may tell not nor reveal,
What pathways thou hast trodden in Paradise !
Thou mov'st amid the battle's agonies
With loving hands to comfort and to heal
What war that mars man's growing commonweal
Hath wrought in his most wanton wasting guise.

Lady of the great pity which is Love
Made perfect, when men see thee such an awe
Falls on them that they strangely feel men's souls
Have sense of the invisible forms that move
Where God prevails inviolate and the law,
Less perfect man knows not, around them rolls.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

WITH true love's love, and woman's heart, she sang
Love's lordship and love's sweetness, having the lot
That Dante sought in Florence and found not,
Save only in great vision with great pang,
When hell and heaven he stormed with love's harangue.
But her love and the song it hath begot
Are one with Dante, whom love's sweet complot
Hath led to the high regions whence love sprang.

But hers was the heart womanly that felt
Anguish and woe, and all tyrannic wrong ;
And hers was the o'erleaping deathless song
Awaking men to the child's stifled cry,
That hearing and deep shuddering, they knelt
And prayed for their forgiveness from on high.

ROBERT BROWNING

BE he great man or greatest, he is found
Of those few souls whose immortality,
Whether man know or know not, hath for fee
That in its influence all men's lives are bound,
And luminously reared, and hedged around
With something of God's own divinity,
And prescience of that large nobility
Which must be life henceforth, superbly crowned.

For though some name him greatest, and all, great,
Living on earth he cared not. Shall he now
Care more where moves he with those glorious trains?
Or there give heed the world's love or its hate?
Having imperial calmness on his brow,
There tutored to eternity's refrains.

THOMAS CARLYLE

O'ER the black surge of clouds and thunder-roll,
And lightning, rides the spirit of the wind,
Urging his furious steeds. Tossing behind
His hair, he recks not, he, that doth control
The elemental storms unto their goal ;
While following close, on a great calm reclined,
The wrestler with the spirits of mankind
Looks out from his unutterable soul.

Born art thou of the storm and of the calm,
Now leaping wroth, now rapt in such an awe
As claims supreme obedience to the law
That all men in their consciences revere,
And in thy veriest heart of hearts see'st clear
Beyond all vision of laurel or of palm.

GEORGE ELIOT

HER courage dared the world's envenomed dart,
Deliberately she chose her proper mate,
And to him only was made dedicate,
And breaking the world's law was pure of heart.
Though, nathless, suffering many a grievous smart,
And held in some sort excommunicate,
Triumphing in her genius o'er men's hate,
And towering o'er the world—a world apart.

Henceforth man knows had not that fateful choice
Been made, she had kept silence ; her great mind
And heart being quick with his ; and had been spent
In fierce contendings ; that her frail form rent,
While the whole world had lost a living voice ;
Had passed in the great sorrow of mankind.

W. S. GILBERT

OFt the o'er-loaded mind can brook no task,
And the forehead is fevered with hot veins ;
Then doth man turn to thee, from whom he gains
His wonted health and laughter in the mask
Wedded to airs so tuneful, and doth bask,
And in his mirth lose all his burdening pains.
So votaries of Thalia and her swains,
How are ye taken captive, that ye ask

When the day's toil is ended, for the hour
Thalia sings aloud, and merry Pan
Pipes his shrill notes, and crowned with vine and flower
Bacchus his cymbals claps, and every man
Laughs gaily in his heart, and with new power
Goes forth to the new day's meridian !

WILLIAM MORRIS

HE dreamed of the life beautiful in dreams,
And waking with intrepid soul hath wrought
Beauty in daily life, and thus hath brought
Divineness to man's toiling that redeems
The soul of man with beauteous fitful gleams
Of those full forms of beauty that he sought
In faint remembrance and awakening thought,
Which struggling to some old-world vision streams.

For he in his intensity of soul
Hath wrought task Herculean ; artist, seer,
And singer, with the ardour that commands,
And conscientious toil that keeps God near :
He worked for man's example, rounding whole
Life with the bounteous labour of his hands.

JOHN RUSKIN

OFT noble lives are spent seemingly waste,
And know not of the triumph that is won,
Though not to-day's nor yet to-morrow's sun
Shall bring it to men's reckoning. For no haste
Marks God's path. In his silent ways embraced,
His purposes inscrutably so run,
That toil and aspiration being done,
Are made one with the aims they have effaced.

Therefore he who doth urge on erring man
The lovelier life and just, who nobly pleads
Beauty and art and truth's sublimity,
Hath inly seen with his prophetic ken,
God slowly gathering all men's noblest deeds
Into the folds of immortality.

A. G. SWINBURNE

SURELY on the Leucadian rock at eve
Hast thou heard divine singing in the deep,
When the red sun was sung unto his sleep,
And languorous night his fold in fold did weave.
Or winds that have been kissed have given thee leave
To linger with them on the enchanted steep
Whence thou hast stolen their song. For it doth leap
O'er thy lute that divine is, and doth cleave

Men's ravished ears with melodies sublime,
Such as the young gods sang long years ago,
When all that lived and loved in peerless time
Sang e'en such songs as thine; and thine, we know,
Are modelled to the sphere's melodious chime,
And to a world of beauty all aglow.

TENNYSON

Thy song falls on a tuneless world that opes
Its lips and sings not, wondering how it be
That no song comes, so imperceptibly
Hath that red gold for which man delves and gropes
Numbed its slow heart that now nor fears nor hopes,
And feebly is responsive even to thee,
Who art of that exalted company
That move upon Parnassus' wooded slopes.

Thy Orpheus' song of woe and sweet lament
Hath won thy love, and the offended time
That never may smite twice, hath stricken thee ;
As the Ciconian women wrought their crime
And sought to still that song divinely blent
Heard evermore on the Ægean sea.

BURNE-JONES

THINE was the world of many-coloured lights,
 And of the rhythmic shadows ; and thy shrine
 The leaping of the sea-gods in the brine ;
 Of Psyche and of Pan upon the heights ;
 And pale and dreaming queens, and war-worn knights ;
 And glimpses of all beauty that doth shine
 About men's darkening spirits, and entwine
 The dreariness of their lives with old delights.

Such worlds thy spirit roamed in, and thy art
 O'erspelled the lives of men with magic sway :
 Thy wand their darksome vision hath empearled.
 For waiting with the chill upon her heart,
 Within the tome of ages with thee lay,
 Beauty from the beginning of the world.

HOLMAN HUNT

HE who hath willed perfection for his art,
Must follow with his eyes, and hands, and brain,
Only that clearer vision he is fain
To grasp from the strange knowledge that doth start
From out the dark recesses of his heart
And vanisheth into its place again.
But one day who pursueth shall attain
Through strife, from all the strife sustained apart.

For penury hath chilled thee with her breath
Idly, for thou hast shunned inglorious gains.
And that paternal ban which had been death
Hath passed thee scathless ; therefore there remains
That hath kept whole thy love and central faith :
Strength, patience, and infinitude of pains.

JOHN E. MILLAIS

SOME happy souls there are, endowed with grace
To hold all lovely truth and noble thought ;
Thrice happy, being, surely, being brought
To knowledge and to kinship with that race
Whom God in spirit hath called to high place,
That in them things all perfect may be wrought ;
So happy thou, and happier, being sought,
And held in rapt communion face to face.

Ten years wert thou of the appointed seven,
And ministrant to Abdiel the true.
Nourished wert thou of the completer leaven
That fired the soul of each, and braced the thew,
As though the fire went round and round from heaven,
And each from each the inspiration drew.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

I HAVE thought when the High God calls forth souls
To fill these mortal frames that men inherit,
Now and again such portions of his spirit
He gives, that the whole world around them rolls
Subservient to that influence that controls
All lesser, and by new attained merit,
Is seen apart from men, and lingers, ere it
Returns again through new illumed goals.

So Art hath had new hope and genesis,
Thou being blessed for this : for night and morn
All beauty was within thee, and in peace
Beauty upon thee and around thee borne,
Leading thee always to thy Beatrice,
As him to whom his City was forsworn.

J. M. W. TURNER

WORLD'S manifest there are to seeing eyes
Beyond these spheres material, that sway
Upon the subtler vision, and display
Their splendours that entrancingly arise.
And for the gaze of mortals thine emprise
Hath pinioned the reflection of the ray
Thou saw'st along the golden chords of day,
That in the flush of evening glamour flies.

Not thine the labour that in flower and leaf
Is perfect as is nature. Yet thy sight
To poets' and to prophets' is akin.
For thine the ardent soul, whose high belief,
Alike in glow of morn and evening light,
Sees spirits and forms visible therein.

G. F. WATTS

So the Athenian in his darling age
Looked out upon the world, and wistful wise,
Made his all perfect beauty with surmise
Fresh as a child's and clear, that could not stage
Reason from step to step, nor self-assuage
The fine fire of the immortals from his eyes,
Albeit his insight doth divinely rise,
And lightens with a swift sublimer rage.

With aspiration, love, and life to give,
In godly wise he gave, and did betroth
Men's likeness to all ages in that roll
Of portraits. With his Raphael shall he live,
Not colourer or designer only,—both
Portrayers of the beauty of the soul.

CHARLES DARWIN

LET all men that seek knowledge halt and look
No more in olden tomes, in which there rings
The hopes and shapes of dead imaginings,
That knowledge has made vain and will not brook ;
But rather to each mountain vale and nook
Where'er in aught life's hidden being clings,
E'en rocks and stones, nature's most silent things,
That are to men henceforth an open book.

To the great light within him as he trod
Nature revealed her working 'neath that ban
That veiled her till he gave her crying heed,
Knowing that knowledge leads man unto God,
And glimpses of him doth reveal afar,
Beyond imagination, thought or creed.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

As those new rays by their fierce light reveal
The frame-work of the man, and are not stayed
By any outward garb, speed unallayed
With their swift flow and overflow to heal :
So thou hast pierced beliefs whose garb and seal
Hath kept them yet inviolate, and arrayed
Their mummied forms with life, till, unafraid,
Thou piercest through the semblance to the real.

“Whatever else be truth, this is not truth.”
And when men say that “Man hath gain thereby,”
“Shall any man have profit of a lie?”
Thou answerest boldly. And to their reply
“Where then is God?” thou answerest in thy ruth :
“Truth I serve most. I cannot answer, I.”

JOHN STUART MILL

SCORN hadst thou for the care that men gave thee,
 Being absorbed in thy strong, strenuous life,
 And swayed thereto from birth, that knowledge rife,
 And constant pains might fit thee worthily
 To work man's weal, who saw'st that verily
 Laws should distribute and control what strife,
 Power arbitrary, and the criminal knife,
 Have seized with blinded zest : wealth that should be

Subject—as nature is—to tempered laws.
 And thereto hast thou striven to quicken thought,
 Hastening to close the slow and awful pause
 Wherein men die,—who dying, die for nought,
 Save that the greed God hath not given is cause
 Man will not share what God for all hath wrought.

JAMES SIMPSON

LIFE that man loves was bounded in with pain
From the first hour to that hour in whose throe
Man welcomed the black form that followed slow,
Albeit it bore the double mark of Cain.
But thou that waged a war in death's domain,
And stayed his hands awhile, dost overthrow
His prowess, that howe'er he come and go,
Anguish and smart are levelled at man in vain.

So Æsculapius, wrestler with stark death,
And he of Cos of the whole frame and mind,
And Galen of imperishable zeal,
Hail thee of those whom no man numbereth,
Whose spirits are about men as the wind,
Sealed fast with immortality's great seal.

HERBERT SPENCER

STEADILY since the spirit in thee woke
To resolution has thy strength pursued
Thy purpose, that at fourscore years, endued
With strength still, thou achiev'st it. And dost yoke
Fulfilment to long toilings that convoke
Wisdom in all her ways, that being viewed,
Stagira's master-mind should be renewed,
That dazzling on the world's oblivion broke.

For thou dost o'ertop time with serene calm,
Rendering man's learning subject to thy mind
That recreatest knowledge in fair guise,
And careless of man's censure or of palm
In altitude on altitude, dost find
Wisdom and learning in colossal wise.

H. M. STANLEY

No more fret when your restless roving sons
Fulfil the law within them. For of old
The fetterless spirit that no man hath controlled
Hath borne their Viking sires 'neath many suns
And reared great states that are made companions
Of all illustrious realms. And that stronghold
That all the centuries' darkness did enfold,
One man hath riven by force. For in him runs

That blood which is its own intrepid guide
Wherever to man is any realm unknown,
That is borne out on every changing tide
And leaps and laughs where the salt seas are blown,
And in the desert and forest dark doth ride
With its own spirit communing alone.

CECIL RHODES

OH England, when I think thou still hast sons
 Who have built thee great nations, though men say
 England is old and her heart eaten away,
I count them but as babblers. Many suns
Shall wane ere thy life's blood so coldly runs
 That thou art given in truth to thy decay :
 No worn-out realms breed men who bear thy sway,
And greet the sun with their morns' orisons.

O'er the broad waste Rhodes hath set thy commands,
And in his bold reliance hath withstood
Realms that have leaped to snatch it from his hands,
His lone hands, who with strenuous fortitude
Hath held thy flag to the far borderlands,
And knew within him the hot pride of blood.

W. E. GLADSTONE

No more shall his gold flow of eloquence
 Make each man's pulse to quicken and to thrill,
 Whenas the Turk his measure doth fulfil
Of hideous and unspeakable offence.
Nor rouse men to a righteous vehemence,
 Nor make bold assay on any ill.
 The voice that strove for righteousness is still
And Westminster in hours of imminence

Shall mourn his voice, resonant with the note
That Athens and that Rome marvelled to hear.
When strangers came from all the lands remote,
And people gathered in from far and near,
That all might tell how truly the voice smote,
Whose words were inspirations ringing clear.

JOHN BRIGHT

WHAT honours shall become him, whose plain name
Is honoured in men's hearts? Who, being born
For the brief hour of man, hath quiet scorn
Of false rewards that men mistake for fame,
But are the pall too oft, the current shame
Of hirelings and of hinds that would suborn
Honours that are not honour ; that being worn
To hide no loathsome soul or loathlier frame.

This man had that integrity that Rome
Held foremost and that time shall sanctify ;
And in our gentler ages did become
One spirit with all those spirits that cannot die ;
And on the freehold of his English home,
Hath Hampden for his kindred and ally.

DR. ARNOLD

He who hath been young never can forget,
And he who hath been young, and in his soul
Holds the first memories dear and treasures whole
Youth's calm repose behind life's later fret,
In the far past more radiantly doth set
The master from whose eyes serenely stole
Glances benign and just that aureole
His memory, his dear memory, that is yet

A lamp unto young England, and a name
Held first in veneration, and with awe
Spoken to children's children. After days
That feel his spirit's pure regenerate flame
Move as responsive to remembered law,
And throb with the young heart's eternal praise.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

Thou, who hadst seen God tread thy quiet vale,
How shouldst thou walk beyond since God was there,
And though some men had seen Him everywhere,
At thy world's gates thou stoodst in deep travail,
Looking upon men's paths of treacherous bale,
And wondering if they met God unaware,
Or if God walked the world, that thou mightst dare
To follow the world's path, and yet prevail.

So wast thou even one, who, seeing God
Doth cling unto his vision, such repose
Being his, that none unblest may understand.
One who would see right surely ere he trod,
Not daring to walk boldly, one of those
Waiting until God lead them by the hand.

GENERAL C. G. GORDON

How fierce a flame of emulous desire
Do men have, who themselves anear, behold
The noble life and great. Yea, when 'tis told,
Men are stirred ev'n as with refining fire,
That brightly burns in whomso will aspire,
And in him must be whole and uncontrolled,
Being of the spirit of God, that doth unfold
His doings and his purposes entire.

And so of him, whose rapturous soul is lit
A beacon to the nations and to time ;
There, where the waste hath veiled his soul's transit
His duties wrought and great deeds and sublime
Draw all men's gaze in awe unto that clime,
Redeemed and redolent with the glow of it.

THE AGE VICTORIAN

INHERITORS of noblest lives are we
Who see the age Victorian wane away,
And in the glorious sunset of to-day,
Have no fears of the morrow that shall be,
But boast our fathers' immortality.
And strengthened in their glorious spirit's sway,
Crown lovingly with laurel and with bay,
Their lives, that hold our subject lives in fee :

That raised our Britain to the loftiest stage
Of Pericles of the divine descent,
And Rome that towered to her Augustan age
Upon the boundaries of her world-content.
And Florence when she turned the golden page
Of her Lorenzo the magnificent.

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